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W. R. HEARST.

AN AMERICAN PAPER FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

The
Canal in
Sight.

The vote in the Senate yesterday plainly foreshadowed the success of the Nicaragua Canal bill in a popular form. The clause authorizing a bond issue was stricken out, and it was provided that the cost of the canal should be paid out of the cash in the Treasury, at the rate of not more than \$20,000,000 a year. All of Senator Caffery's amendments, designed in the interest of the trans-continental railroads to embarrass the construction of the canal, were voted down.

It is evident that the long dragging isthmian canal question has come to a head at last. The canal will be dug, and dug at once, whether our Government takes hold of it or not. The Cragin-Eyre syndicate is composed of men who mean business and who are financially able to carry out their plans. Warner Miller, the presiding genius of the Maritime Canal Company, has thriftily secured a footing in the new combination. The adjournment of Congress without the passage of a bill providing for the construction of the canal under national control would mean that the next Congress would confront a private enterprise actually in progress, with immense vested rights secured to its promoters.

But that is not going to happen. Congress is going to pass the bill this Winter; the canal is going to be dug by the United States, and the men who have been attempting to forestall the people by securing paper concessions in the light of their knowledge of the people's intentions will have to be satisfied with what their paper is actually worth. And now is the time to test the value of that Anglo-American sympathy.

JUSTICE
UNDER
WAY.

General Eagan is in the rapids. Now that the court-martial has been appointed, the pull of the politicians has lost most of its saving strength, and military traditions will rule. Seven of the thirteen members of the court are West Pointers, imbued with the stern teachings of martial propriety impressed upon every graduate of the noble institution on the Hudson. General Eagan will get justice from that tribunal, but not much Algerine indulgence.

There is every reason to believe that the Eagan incident, so far as it concerns Eagan himself, will soon be satisfactorily closed. But its consequences to the army have only begun to develop. It is a pity that the disinfecting treatment of a court-martial cannot be applied to Alger, but at least we have the assurance that Congress will never trust the reorganization of the army to him. Nor will any bill quadrupling the number of soldiers ever pass until the pernicious staff departments typified by Eagan have been cleaned out, nor until some provision has been made for a supply of competent officers and gentlemen.

Providence creates nothing without a purpose. Even Eagan has had his.

PENNSYLVANIA'S FIGHT
FOR HONESTY.

The anti-Quay Republicans have so far kept their pledge. They have organized an opposition that if maintained will surely result in Quay's defeat. Having once been recorded against the reelection of this indicted bank wrecker, no member of the Legislature, Republican or Democrat, can vote for him without leaving himself open to the suspicion of having been improperly influenced.

It is hardly possible that enough Democratic votes can be secured to save Quay. The mere intimation that this might happen is an insult to every honest Democratic legislator. The report has been widely published, and it ought to be answered by the calling of a party caucus and the adoption of resolutions denouncing the slander and pledging every Democrat to continue to resist Quay's election.

Mr. Wanamaker has the independent Republican faction well in hand, and they show

no sign of weakening in their creditable attempt to rid the United States Senate of Quay's corrupt presence.

ENLARGE
WEST
POINT.

Colonel Mills, the superintendent of the Military Academy at West Point, urges Congress to provide some badly needed additional accommodations at that institution. Not only should this appeal be heeded, but Congress should promptly proceed to create a need for still other accommodations. The number of cadets at West Point was far too small even before the war multiplied our military requirements. Out of nine major-generals and brigadier-generals of the line in the last Army Register, only one was a graduate of West Point. If the Military Academy could not supply the needs of an army of 25,000 men, how will it meet those of an army of 75,000 or 100,000?

We ought to have a national military university, on such a scale as not only to provide all the officers required for our regular army, except a certain number promoted from the ranks for exceptional merit, but most of those needed for the reserves. Every militia organization in the country should be officered, in the main, by West Point graduates.

This is a matter that will not allow of delay. If we permit a thousand untrained officers to be pitchedforked into the new army we shall not get over the results in thirty years. Eagan has been in the service for nearly thirty-seven years, and he has not learned to be either an officer or a gentleman yet.

PLATT
IS
UNANIMOUS.

Senator "Tom" Platt's letter to Chauncey Depew upon his election contains this clever paragraph: My Dear Depew: Now that your election is an accomplished fact, I hasten to congratulate you upon the unanimity and enthusiasm, unparalleled in the political annals of the State, with which it was accomplished.

This reference to the "unanimity" of Depew's election shows the master to be a more delightful humorist than the man. Picture the solemnity of Platt as he wins his own approval for being so enthusiastically "unanimous" in his choice of Depew as a colleague.

Between the lines of this unique congratulation can be read a tribute to Platt's power as a "Boss." In effect he says to the harmless jester:

"My dear Chauncey; it is a mere trifle; don't mention it. I have permitted the Republican party of the State of New York to show 'unanimity and enthusiasm unparalleled' in selecting you to represent the Vandebilt in the United States Senate. I am the Republican party in this State, and when I get 'unanimous' over a man it is a gentle hint to him that he must know his place and keep it."

THE
ETERNAL
GULLIBLE.

The learned professor who after an examination of Keely's motor arrived at the conclusion that the inventor was "both fool and knave," is in error. Keely was undoubtedly a "knave," but his success in finding dupes to advance him money proves that he was not a "fool."

The Philadelphia wizard proceeded on the long-established theory that the world is full of people who are eager to be swindled, if the bait is only rich enough. The electric sugar scheme, the plan to filter gold out of salt water, and many similar traps, caught gudgeons by the hundreds.

And the theory will continue to work. The "come on" who tries to buy \$5,000 worth of "green goods" with \$100 in good money is nearly always a level-headed old farmer, who has worked hard for his money.

A gifted fakir like Keely seeks his victims in the highest social and financial circles. He was a shrewd judge of character. He knew that the greed for money not only blunted the moral sense, but frequently dimmed the keenest vision.

LANGUAGES
AS THEY
ARE "SPOKE."

The German Kaiser has undertaken the task of de-Gallicing the German language, and his energies are at present concentrated upon military nomenclature. The words "general," "major," "cadet," "infanterie," and many others taken body and soul from French, are displeasing to him. He wishes to replace them with words of pure Teutonic origin.

Perhaps it is because he hates all things French; perhaps he is only animated by a philologist's love for purity of language. At any rate the matter is on his mind and his subjects are talking about it.

Purity of language is no doubt an excellent thing in its way, but does not the influx of foreign words bring its own compensation, which more than offsets the philologist's chagrin? The French have many weaknesses, but they are, despite them all, a great people, and they possess many admirable qualities. Their language, one of the most flexible and delicate of modern tongues, reflects—as a language will—some of their good traits, and each French word that is typical of the Frenchman's conception of things cannot fail to enrich any other language into which it is incorporated. It brings a new idea into that language, and a new idea is an acquisition that should surely counterbalance a philologist's prejudice, or even national jealousy.

The Frenchman, it would seem, has no such linguistic stubbornness. He borrows eagerly from the English, German, Italian, Spanish—even Russian—and the words, sooner or later, grow into the language, and there is no purist to protest.

And your Uncle Sam, who is gradually building up a language for himself, hardly

THE REAL VIBRATORY FORCE.



How Keely Made Things Move—In His Direction.

sees any utility in foreign tongues save as a means of enriching his own. And oh, Wilhelm, before you begin to expurgate Das Deutsche Wuertebuch, reflect that Uncle Sam eats at his table d'hôte with the utmost gemuthlichkeit and quaffs his Wurzbucher with an air of dolce far niente, and sinks whole navies with sang-froid, and never puts off until manana what he can do to-day. Ach, du lieber Kaiser, let the French words stay. Just look at our language! "There's richness for you."

MORE
TROUBLE
IN SAMOA.

The new Samoan crisis discloses a number of curious changes in the past dozen years. In fact the only thing that remains as it used to be is the insolent high-handedness of the German officials. That never changes.

When Samoa became something more than a name to Americans, in the eighties, old Malletoa Laupepa was king. He was a harmless, engaging old monarch, who used to relieve his financial stringency from time to time by honoring some foreign resident with a request for the loan of a dollar. The Germans kidnapped Malletoa and sent him off to the Marshall Islands in a war ship. Then they undertook to set up Tamasese in his place.

Most of the natives refused to accept this German nominee, and the Chief Mataafa headed a national uprising, acting as the representative of the absent Malletoa. When the Germans undertook on one occasion to land a body of armed men from the gunboat Adler, Mataafa's followers gave them a surprise that proved fatal to a number of them. This incident led to the concentration of German and American war ships, which was so abruptly disposed of by the great hurricane of 1889. From that came the Treaty of Berlin, the tripartite control of the islands, and the return of Malletoa.

Ten years have passed, and things have been transformed. Malletoa Laupepa is dead, and another Malletoa has been elected king in his place, with Tamasese, once the German figure-head, as vice-king. The Germans are encouraging rebellion against these chiefs, and Mataafa, who once drove their sailors into the water, is the instrument they are using for the work.

But, as before, they find the British and American Consuls arrayed against them. The disorderly proceedings by which they attempted to overcome their legal disadvantage will not help them, either at Apia or in Europe and America. If it comes to locking doors and throwing people out of windows the British and Americans in Samoa can take care of themselves, and if the question becomes one of home backing, the Kaiser will think twice before tearing up the Treaty of Berlin.

But what a beautiful object lesson we are having in the need for a Pacific cable and a naval station at Honolulu. With them we could have a cruiser at Apia in a week, instead of three weeks, as now.

Favors a United States Parcel Post.

New Haven, Conn., Jan. 17, 1899. Editor of the New York Journal:

If there is one thing impressed on the mind of the writer more than another, it is the fact that the Journal is a friend of the masses rather than the classes. It is a continual fighter for the rights of the people, and if the people would only work together for their own interests as earnestly and faithfully as the Journal, this Government would not only be in name but in fact "of the people and for the people." I was struck by the telling cartoon about the proposed abolition of the Hawaiian postal savings bank system, published recently in your issue. Such pictures are eye-openers to the public. They can be read at a glance, and convey more than many columns of written matter. They are also keen cutters to wrongdoers, who see in them, like Belschazzar of old, the handwriting on the wall.

In the same issue is another pointer for the people in the shape of a leading editorial entitled "What the Merchants Need," relating to a United States parcel post.

In my opinion, it is entirely a national matter and must be treated nationally. The express companies, as servants, have outgrown their service to the public; instead of being servants they have become the masters of the people. They have grown so rich and powerful that, in their estimation, they are superior to the people. While this may be so in their own minds, it is not so in fact, although a reverse opinion has been given by no less authority than ex-Postmaster-General John W. Vanamaker, who said that "there were only three things that prevented the United States from having a parcel post system that would be of the greatest benefit to the whole country; and they were the Adams Express, the American Express and the Wells-Fargo Express companies." We will admit that the combined wealth, power and pull of the express companies is great, yet in comparison it is but as a grain of sand on the seashore when pitted against the people when they choose to take action.

If only the merchants and manufacturers of the country become a unit on this question, and, regardless of party politics, request their Senators and Representatives to frame and pass a suitable bill for a United States parcel post, could we not relegate these masters of ours to some other position more congenial to the welfare of the country? JOHN H. BARLOW, Manager Ideal Mfg. Co.

Prize Fights in New York.

Atlanta, Jan. 19. It looks like New York, the centre of wealth and advanced civilization, is to be the scene of all the big prize fights hereafter. A few years ago the South was considered the legitimate field for these exhibitions. The big prize fights would come down here and pummel one another. Things have changed now, and the prize fighting is done in New York under supervision of the police.

The law in New York permits twenty-round boxing matches. A twenty-round match is now a long fight and permits the participants to do some heavy work. The great John L. Sullivan was knocked out in the twenty-first round, which is only one more than the New York law permits. It will be seen that prize fights can be won and are won within the limits of the New York law and that fatalities may occur within the twenty rounds permitted. The thing has shifted—the pugilists stay at the North. It's a good riddance for the South.

ME. VIVANTI CHARTRES is undoubtedly a spangled and a sparkling person. Whatever may be said about her play, "That Man," now at the Herald Square Theatre, nobody will deny the fact that it contains some glittering ideas and some tricky situations. This lady seems to have plunged into risqué Gallic farce with a vengeance, and to be wading in the same pond as Blonson and one or two others. And if Mme. Chartres makes up her mind to continue dallying with the old-fashioned peccadilloes of faithless husbands, it is your humble servant's opinion that she will soon be able to give points to Paris. Judging from "That Man," I should say that Paris may even have to tone down Mme. Chartres's future offerings.

However, we must be thankful nowadays for any new turn of the old barrel organ. Reckless of husbands and jealous wives have been dished up for us time and again. We know them. It was reserved for a woman to introduce us to a professional "jealousy arouser" who rents himself out for a consideration. In "That Man" this hilarious type scents family squabbles and divines marital infidelities. He has a fixed scale of charges. He takes ladies out to supper for so much per evening, and accompanies them to Europe for a price. If they own mild husbands he is able to make a reduction. When they possess ponderous, ferocious, illegitimate lords, he is obliged to charge higher rates. This is almost Gilbertian in its delightful extravagance. Many an imported farce has been served up, and served up successfully, with but a fraction of Mme. Chartres's ingenuity. The fate of the "jealousy arouser" as soon as he has regularly gone into the business is most entertaining, and the only pity is that such a neat brand of humor should be adulterated with so much that is banal and unrefined. The persistent suggestion of lack of clothes, both as regards masculine and feminine characters, is a trifle trying at this particular epoch when people shed their clothes with need, and no such contemptible, monkey tricks. The woe of playwrights are heavy enough, goodness knows.

The cast that interprets this farce is not as vivacious as one might have expected. In farce of this kind actors need very well oiled skates.

I cannot believe that either Mme. Chartres or Mrs. A. M. Palmer was responsible for a grossly repulsive bit of business introduced by Mr. Fax into the third act on Wednesday night. If the idea originated with Mr. Fax he should be severely disciplined. The genuine wit in "That Man" needs no such contemptible, monkey tricks. The woe of playwrights are heavy enough, goodness knows.

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I HAVE received the following letter from a fair correspondent in Paris, who now and then drops me a line concerning the colony and what our friends are doing over there in that gayest of capitals, where you may have a revolution for breakfast and a fete and a coronation before dinner time:

Paris, Jan. 8, 1899. Dear Cholly: I suppose you think that we are living from hand to mouth over here, in constant dread and fear of a revolution.

We do not mind these little manifestations, and they only add spice to the enjoyment of life.

Although just now all Paris is supposed to be in the south, it has been quite gay. The English and Americans have introduced new customs to the Parisians, and among others the prevailing fad in London and in New York for the haut monde is to dine in evening dress at the restaurants.

The new Hotel Ritz is, as you know, on the Place Vendôme, and Pallard has come down from that absurdly out-of-the-way place on the Boulevard to the Champs Elysees, right in the heart of the American colony.

There are quite a number of little sets here in Paris among the Americans, and you may find them nearly every evening dining at one of these cafes, and with them a sprinkling of nobles and of the Parisians.

Parisbourg. Mrs. George Law is possibly one of the handsomest as well as the most popular of the American women. She is chaperoned by her sister-in-law, Mrs. Haines, who was Mrs. May, and who used to give such delightful musicales at her handsome residence on Fifth avenue. Mrs. Law has put aside her mourning, and dresses superbly, and has the handsomest traps and liveries in the Bois.

Of course, there have been a host of titles devoted to her, from the Indian Prince of last summer to Henri d'Orleans, who would like to marry an American, and who when in Paris is constantly with the Americans.

The Baroness Reibnitz, who was Miss Schlesinger, is giving some delightful musicales at her father's house, on the Boulevard Malesherbes. You all remember Sebastian Schlesinger and how devoted he is to music. At one of the musicales last week there were among his guests the Marquise de Wentworth, who is painting a new re-

GAGE ON UNIVERSAL PEACE.

LONDON, Jan. 12.—The Czar's proposal of a peace conference has grown beyond the control of the political whips of Europe and is assuming proportions which were by no means anticipated. At first it was regarded much in the light of a Utopian dream—to be commended, but not to be seriously considered. But lukewarm indorsements and evasive replies from Cabinet Ministers in the various governments have been closely followed by appeals to the people from bishops, curates, labor leaders and others close to the people, who are urging a general public movement in favor of disarmament by the powers.

As an example of the view which these advocates take I quote the Rev. W. Horsley, of Walworth, who says: "Looking back to my childhood, I can only recollect one British war in which I could have engaged with enthusiasm or with a full sense of its rightness and necessity—and that one did not come off. It would have been England against Turkey two years ago."

A peace crusade is under way in England despite Lord Salisbury's halfhearted reply to the Czar's invitation. Meetings of the General Committee and of the Finance Committee are announced regularly in the press. The organization of the provinces and on the Continent as well is daily discussed, and not only discussed, but followed up by earnest public gatherings and addresses. The taxpayer is having the heavy cost of armies and navies impressed upon him as it has never been before. It is being brought home to his pocket and is, therefore, receiving earnest, sober consideration.

In response to requests issued to labor leaders to sign the appeal to the working classes a vast number of post cards conveying assent have been received, including, among others, such names as Joseph Acland, M. P., Earl of Northbrook, Lord Parker, Earl Grey and Lord Ashbourne. Members of both the House of Commons and the Upper House of Parliament are joining in the movement with expressions of sincere indorsement.

From America President Barrows, who will be remembered as having presided over the Parliament of Religions at the World's Fair, writes: "Your crusade is inspired by a great purpose and magnificent hopefulness. The opportunity is great, but I apprehend that the success will depend very largely on the character and standing of the men who will constitute the deputation. If such men as ex-President Cleveland, ex-President Harrison, Bishop Potter, Archbishop Ireland, Dr. Lyman Abbott, Carl Schurz and Mrs. Potter Palmer could be secured the crusade would have the right dignity at the start."

Lyman J. Gage writes to the secretary of the crusade: "You know it is against our policy to maintain

a large standing army—in fact, one-half of the troops raised in connection with the late war with Spain have already been mustered out or are in the course of being mustered out. The great peace war problem, as looked at by us, involves the great countries of Russia, Germany, France and England primarily; and, while I have no doubt of our participating in the heartiest manner in the movement the Czar has so nobly inaugurated, the modesty before alluded to would probably make it seem proper to us to wait for some one of the great military powers to offer the motion and some other one to second it. Then, I think, we would be very glad to vote 'aye' on any proposition looking to a limitation of armies, navies, or other features of the military establishments which oppress and burden mankind."

Meanwhile the powers are all looking for trouble, and the Admiralty of Russia, as well as of all the other governments, is increasing its orders for ships, while the War Offices beg for added regiments of artillery and cavalry. The ball which the Czar set in motion is growing beyond his expectations, and the cynical say, beyond his wish.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudyard Kipling, who, when they are in England, live at Rottmanglen, near Brighton, leave in a few days for America, to be gone for a year or more.

A marriage has been arranged and will shortly take place between Miss Ethel Howard, granddaughter of the late Henry Howard, of New York, and Frederick Henry Pretzman, of Haughley Park, Suffolk.

The German Emperor always suffers greatly when he has a cold, as he almost invariably has trouble with sensitive ear at the same time. This brings him many sleepless nights. He hid himself his recent attack in Germany by a course of steam baths, after most other remedies had been tried.

The death of Signor Franco Novara, the well-known bass singer and teacher, will call to the minds of American music lovers his frequent visits to that country. He first sang in the United States under the direction of Colonel Mapleson, and in after years went on tour there with Adeline Patti. In 1898 he abandoned the stage and was appointed a professor at the Royal Academy of Music. Ill health, however, rendered his service there inconsequential.

Colonel G. E. Gouraud has started a fund in London to be called the British-American Spanish War Veterans' Relief Association. It is designed especially to succor discharged British soldiers who served in the American army and who were officially discharged from the United States service on the conclusion of hostilities.

DALE GOES OUT TO "SEE A MAN" AND SAYS WHAT HE THINKS OF HIM.

he leaves his wife—would cause any discreet gathering of men and women to flutter just a bit. "That Man" reminds me of a series of sketches from Vie Parisienne or the Petit Journal pour Rire, thickened and emphasized for Anglo-Saxon comprehension. I was sorry to see the "French call" introduced as New York's sole subterfuge for levity. The French ball is such a very hayseed, laboriously skittish and lugubriously festive affair that it is fit for the fifth act of a melancholy domestic drama rather than for the third act of a farce. Verdant boys, rural green-goods seekers and pungent binocled ladies may regard the French ball as the acme of refined exhalation. But I do here, by assure Mme. Chartres that to theatre-goers it is very tiresome. Give me any day a rollicking entertainment with the Society of Amalgamated Tinkers and Thimbleseers. The French ball is not the legitimate offspring of gaiety. It is illegitimate—very illegitimate.

Perhaps it was this fact that made the third act of "That Man" fall somewhat flat. This may be, but have been due to the act's lack of bolter. I have seen a pity. With such capital dialogue, and such breezy ideas, the third act of "That Man" should have gone with a rush. As it was, I was surprised when the curtain fell. It seemed as though something more should happen. In a farce everything should bang. There should be no opportunity for regret. I mention this simply because "That Man" is good enough to call for criticism. An able stage manager would soon be able to rectify this shortcoming, and if I were Mme. Chartres I should select a technical and non-literary person, and throw myself upon his tender mercies.

I cannot believe that either Mme. Chartres or Mrs. A. M. Palmer was responsible for a grossly repulsive bit of business introduced by Mr. Fax into the third act on Wednesday night. If the idea originated with Mr. Fax he should be severely disciplined. The genuine wit in "That Man" needs no such contemptible, monkey tricks. The woe of playwrights are heavy enough, goodness knows.

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CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER'S CHATTER. HE GETTETH A LONGE LETTER FROM GAY PAREE.

illegions picture, and Judge Holme, of New York, whom, of course, you know.

Mrs. Eddie Gwynne, who is living with her husband over here, has just received a Christmas visit from the stork, and the gift was twins, of which the young couple are very proud. Mr. Gwynne is a nephew of Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt. I hear that his aunt, Mrs. Fearing, is desperately ill, with little hope of recovery.

Mrs. Van Dusen Reed, who was in New York two winters ago, has been giving musicales. In fact, these are the popular form of entertainment. Among the guests at Mrs. Reed's I noticed Mr. Ingraham, who will possibly go later to Egypt, entertains charmingly. She is the wife of you know, of Judge Ingraham.

Mrs. John Drexel has settled at Pau, where the hunting has been excellent. The Forbes Morgans are also there.

The Princess Ruspoli, who was formerly Mrs. Riggs, has been in Paris for some few weeks. She lives now at Florence, where she has a villa in the environs of the city.

Mrs. Brulautour, who was Mrs. Farish, of New York, has been quite ill of the grip, but is now convalescent. She and Mr. Brulautour will go south for the Winter.

Mrs. Griswold Gray has not yet returned from Sicily. She took her niece, Miss Irvin, with her to Palermo. Miss Irvin has been more or less of an invalid all Autumn. Mrs. Griswold Gray is much missed, as she and Mrs. Winslow are the most fashionable among the Americans, and they receive many French people. Mrs. Gray is a sister of Mrs. J. A. Burden and of the late Richard Irvin.

I just had a peep at Mrs. John Jacob Astor, who was in Paris for about a week about her sister, Miss Willing. I hear that they are now at San Moritz, and that both Mrs. Astor and the little boy are much improved.

The Countess de Trobriand still goes on with her salon, and her weekly receptions are very amusing. You meet the strangest assortment of people, many of them very interesting. Mme. de Trobriand is so good hearted and hospitable. The Princess de Rohan is her great friend, and together they collect quite a number of foreign nobles and notables.

for the ice is thin, and a great deal depends upon the velocity of the skater. The leading role, played by Mr. Fax, was on the whole well done. Mr. Fax was not unduly emphatic, but he seemed to feel responsible for too much. John B. Ince was capital in the piano scene, and deserved all the laughter that he captured. Albert A. Andrus and Henry Stockbridge as the Lothario husbands certainly didn't look like it. A very harmless twain they seemed to be, and you felt sorry for them—as though you would like to read them a lecture. This is fatal in farce, where nothing but laughter is expected.

Miss Isabelle Evesson is a very serious lady—far more suggestive of the wronged lady in melodrama than the jealous wife in farce. She managed to introduce some handsome clothes, and the labor of getting them on and off perhaps had something to do with her mood. She seemed to think that life is real and life is earnest. Of course it is, but in a flippant farce you want to forget it. Miss Stella Kenney was a trifle more frolicsome, but still lacking in gaiety. There are very few humorous women in this world. Miss Ada Deaves was the most successful feminine member of the cast. Hers was a character part. An actress in a character part is generally amusing, because she is able to forget herself and pretend that she is somebody else.

Miss Olive Redpath in the "spicy" role behaved as discreetly as possible and displayed herself in a variegated collection of clothes. She probably enjoyed this feat immensely. But as the arch temptress of everybody's husband it seemed to me that she was not particularly exuberant—though quite exuberant enough for the "French ball."

It is the character of "that man," however, which lifts this farce above the usual Parisian hotch-potch of snappers and "complications." It seems odd that a woman should be the author and producer of such an exceedingly low-neck affair as this farce. However, the fair sex has shown us in novels that there are very few topics which it cannot discuss quite as trenchantly as its more privileged brothers, and when it takes hold of the stage it is not going to get "left." None of the farces imported from Paris, and man-made, can get the better of Mme. Chartres's Herald Square effort. ALAN DALE.

HE GETTETH A LONGE LETTER FROM GAY PAREE.

The Baroness Erlanger has been doing much entertaining of late, and her box at the opera is always filled with smartly gowned women. Among her guests last week were the Baron and Baroness Cambrin. The Baroness Erlanger was a Miss Siddell and is a cousin of Mrs. August Belmont, Sr.

The Countess Boni de Castellane, who has moved into her new house, goes now almost entirely in the Faubourg and with French society. She was one of the guests at the dinner and musicale given by Mrs. Jules Porgès last week. There were also present Mme. Bernadacki, who is one of the standard beauties of Paris, and the Duchesse Decazes.

The Countess has certainly improved in appearance since she was Miss Anna Gould. But she has not become startlingly beautiful, reports to the contrary notwithstanding. She looks very much like her father, and her changed hair is not in accord with the rest of her features, and it does give her a weird, odd look which haunts one for days. A lot. CELINE.

Precoity. Venice, you know, is called the "Bride of the Adriatic." Why not, then, call Boston the Steady Company of Cape Cod?

But that is another subalys!

The Boston neighbor had been saying:

"How healthy your little Browning is!"

To which the Boston mother was now replying: "Yes, Browning is certainly not precocious, but we think it probably just as well. It is true Emerson Bangs, next door, only six years old, or a year younger than Browning, already has dyspepsia almost as bad as his father, the famous Professor Bangs; and yet, although I wouldn't whisper it to the Bangses, who are very proud of their boy, it is by no means certain that Emerson in his later years will fulfil the promise of his childhood! Precoity like his seems quite exhaustive of intellectual potentiality!"—Detroit Journal.

A Hard Hit. "I noticed that in an address to the associated charities of a Massachusetts town a well known prelate made the sweeping statement that 'the honest beggar does not exist.'"

"Say, that seems a pretty hard hit at our old friend Lazarus, doesn't it?"—Cleveland Plaindealer.